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VOLUME XXXIV

TOMBSTONE, COCHISE COUNTY, ARIZONA—SUNDAY, AUGUST 3 1913

NO 25

TOMBSTONE HISTORY FROM EARLY FLES

Thrilling Episodes of Early Day Ad-
venture—Newspaper Making
During Exciting Days

THE "PROSPECTOR" AND "EPITAPH'S" RECORD

THE PROSPECTOR'S ANNIVERSARY

With this issue THE PROSPECTOR commences the first quarter century of its existence. For twenty-five years this paper has pursued the even tenor of its way, always striving, consistent only, to advance the best interests of the city and county and giving up to its adopted motto of "Cochise County" first, the world afterwards, to the best of its ability. THE PROSPECTOR, however, has been by no means sectional. It has never failed to chant the praises of Arizona's greatness, and in its humble way, has labored for the upbuilding and advancement of the entire territory and state. Having lived in this sun-kissed land from childhood, the editor knows of and is proud of its past achievements and supremely confident that it is destined to become one of the greatest states of the union.

THE PROSPECTOR came into existence several years after the glory and grandeur of Tombstone had, in a measure, departed. It was therefore deprived of recording at first hand those stirring events in the camp's history, a complete record of which would equal in human interest the famous Iliad composed by Homer to commemorate the siege of Troy.

FREE AND EASY TOMBSTONE

Tombstone, as some might suggest, is not, nor has it ever been, a veritable burying ground, though a good sized burial plot was early established and rapidly enlarged during the early '80s, the majority of those who occupied places of prominence there having "died with their boots on." There was but little quarreling among the more than 10,000 floating population that constituted the big camp of the Pacific coast, but when misunderstandings did occur the report of revolvers followed and the jawing grave claimed its own. Coroner's juries were an unnecessary adjunct to the arm of the law, a trivial matter, for the one who "got his gun first" could tell how it happened, and the several daily papers then being published would embellish the episode by giving in detail the history of the dead man, his true name, place of nativity and the exact number of men who had "bit the dust" at the instance of his trusty six-shooter. There were always two daily papers and sometimes four, all of whom used the Associated Press reports, and were ably edited and liberally patronized through occasionally going to the printer for publication. Another journal would succeed any suspension in the literary field, only to follow in the trend—and ultimate demise—of its predecessor. There were many such publications, all attended with a like result, and our mind reverts back to the establishment and death of fourteen excellent publications in the county since THE PROSPECTOR was first launched twenty-five years ago.

THE PROSPECTOR'S WEEKLY EDITION THE EPITAPH

THE EPITAPH, the weekly edition of the Prospector, was started in the earliest days of the camp and its files are replete with all the happenings of those pioneer days.

"When life's wild tide surged hot and high
And crowds of eager, anxious men
Made 'gold,' 'gold,' 'gold,' their rallying cry."

STORY OF INCEPTION

On May 1st, 1888, just when Tombstone was beginning to attract the attention of the outside world, THE EPITAPH came into existence. John P. Clum, mayor and postmaster of the city, Charles D. Repp and Thomas R. Scott were its founders. The manner in which the paper received its name may be of interest. One version is that John Hayes Hammond, the celebrated mining engineer, at a banquet given at the Can. Hotel, suggested the title. Another credited story, however is this: While riding by stage coach from Tucson to Tombstone, Mr. Clum mentioned to his fellow passengers, among whom was Ed Schieffelin, his intention of beginning the publication of a newspaper in the coming year and asked Schieffelin to

suggest a name for the new venture. After pondering a few moments the discoverer of Tombstone said: "Well, I christened the district Tombstone; you should have no trouble in furnishing the Epitaph." The suggestion appealed to Clum and his associates, Repp and Scott, and a few weeks later THE EPITAPH appeared. Its publication, either as a daily or weekly has been continuous ever since.

EARLY JOURNALISTIC RECORD
When THE EPITAPH first saw the light of day there were but six counties in the territory and ten newspapers printed in the English language. Pima county had four, the Nogai, Tombstone Pioneer, News-Paper, the Record, Citizen and Star of Tucson; the Silver Belt at Globe; then a part of Pinal county the Salt River Herald and Territorial Explorer at Phoenix in Maricopa county; the Enterprise and Miner at Prescott in Yavapai county and the Sentinel at Yuma in Yuma county. The editors of the above publications, following in sequence, were A. E. Fay, Hinson Thomas, R. C. Brown, L. C. Hughes, Judge Hackney, "Bucky" O'Neill, Judge James Reilly, John Morrison, C. W. Beach and George Tins.

During the year of THE EPITAPH'S advent into Arizona journalism, but at a later period, the Bulletin at Harshaw, Chronicle at Globe, Drill at Pinal, Gazette at Phoenix, Enterprise at Florence and Miner at Mineral Park were started.

HIGHEST SCALE IN U. S.

In the spring of 1889 Tombstone was making a rapid advance in population and wealth and the EPITAPH kept right at the head of the procession. The men behind it retained journalists and it soon took rank as the leading paper of the territory. The very best wages were paid, the scale for printers being 65 cents a thousand, the highest scale, with the exception of Virginia City, Nevada, of any other place in the United States. The result was that the most skillful, as well as the most rapid workmen were attracted to the office. Several of the record-breaking typesetters of the world have held cases on THE EPITAPH. On its editorial staff was employed some of the most brilliant men of the west. Besides its founders Messrs. Clum, Repp and Scott, O'Brien, Moore, Sam Purdy, Harry Wood, Pat Hamilton, Harry Brook, Dick Hale, Geo. W. McFarlin and other bright and shining lights helped to make it a power in Arizona journalism. Pat Holland, an old-time Nevada editor of the Pioche Record, was the first pressman on the paper.

SOME EARLY TRIALS

An occasional episode, ancient the following office in its infantile days. The paper was published in a tent for the first few months of its existence, while the present Prospector building was in course of construction. As an exponent of law and order the Epitaph censured through its columns the familiar practice then in vogue of indiscriminate shooting up the town. These strictures aroused the enmity of "Curly Bill," "Buckskin Sam," Jack Mitchell and other well known cowboys of those days, who showed their resentment by riding through Fremont street and firing into the Epitaph office.

As soon as the revolver fusillade commenced, the entire force, editorial and printorial, would seek safety by dropping to the floor, hiding under the presses, or hunting any other secluded spot that offered immunity from the flying bullets. As soon as the bombardment ceased, work would again resume.

THE LURE OF TOMBSTONE

Attracted by the high wages, salubrious climate and other favorable conditions, miners from all over the county flocked to Tombstone as well as the most enterprising and public spirited business men of the west. From Nevada, California, Idaho, Colorado and Montana, principally, they came, although every state in the west contributed its quota. They were men with courage in their hearts and good red blood in their veins—young, brave, vigorous and

(Continued on Column 5.)

Arizona's First Press

A history of the Prospector and Epitaph, brief as it must necessarily be, would not be complete without a reference to the first press ever brought to Arizona and now stored in The Prospector press room. It is a Washington hand press, and is the 25th, as its number shows, turned out of the Central Type Foundry of Cincinnati. This factory was established in 1851. The press came around the Horn in 1858 and was brought by wagon from Guaymas to Tulac, consigned to Sylvester Mourey, who started the Arizona, the pioneer paper of the territory. Mourey continued its publication up to the breaking out of the Civil War. He was succeeded by two printers, Jack Sims and George Smithson, in 1861. After getting out a half dozen issues it is claimed the two latter were charged with stage robbery. Resisting arrest, Smithson was killed. Sims was afterwards tried on the charge and acquitted. He was defended by Granville Oury, subsequently delegate to congress.

Sims, by the way, was the first printer to arrive in Globe and while employed on the Silver Belt in 1873 was shot and killed in that town. The Arizona suffered an eclipse from that time until 1887, when under the same name, W. S. Oury re-established it in Tucson. Sidney R. De Long later secured control of the press and with it began the publication of the Tucson Citizen, the oldest surviving offspring of the famous piece of machinery, with John Wynn as editor. It then was owned by L. C. Hughes and The Star and Democrat of the Old Pueblo utilized it for a time.

In the fall of 1879 A. E. Fay and Theo. Tully brought the old relic to Tombstone, and the Nugget, the camp's first paper, was issued from it. With the introduction of modern machinery the press was placed on the superannuated list and has enjoyed a rest for the past 39 years.

Notwithstanding its long and turbulent career, the press today is in a good state of preservation and with the expenditure of a little time and labor, could again be placed in a serviceable condition.

The press will be presented to the Arizona Pioneer Society to be preserved as an interesting relic of Arizona history.

Truth Must be Told

Regret it as we may, the facts must be revealed. For twenty years we have been in the editorial perch, and were it not that we are prematurely "frosted" would assert that "we have grown gray in the sanctum of this newspaper office," but desiring to remain youthful within the recollection of the gentler sex, who do not know otherwise, we will not venture such an exaggeration, for we still feel the buoyancy of youth, maintained through pleasant environments never to be forgotten, while dirting and never permitting these elements to voice a sentiment that might be construed to deviate from the course laid out when first we assumed management.

In our outlined mission to conduct a clean and reliable newspaper we have never met with opposition; on the contrary, we have felt the helping hand and profited by the kindly advice of all, for which we are appreciative—truly thankful. And when we thus feel called upon to retire we lay aside the pen with protest, satisfied, however, that those who have watched our course will pardon any shortcomings.

THE DAYS OF OLD

The recollection of these incidents, while reading with interest the many wonderful enterprises conceived and carried on in those early days by that splendid body of mining and business men that brought wealth and fame to Tombstone, it is felt that on this anniversary of the Prospector's birth, a brief synopsis of some of the most stirring events in the history of the camp would serve to revive recollections and recall reminiscences of those days that "tried men's souls."

ANNOUNCEMENT

Adios, Amigos! For some time the editor of the Prospector has had in contemplation the retirement from the newspaper field; and this being the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the paper's publication, and the twentieth year under our continuous management, we have thought the time opportune to bid our friends farewell, for the time being.

In retiring, we desire to offer heartfelt thanks for numerous bouquets lovingly placed upon our desk, but at the same moment, it is not inappropriate to state that the trail between the DAILY PROSPECTOR and the WEEKLY EPITAPH has not been strewn with roses or sprinkled with lavender water. The newspaper business, as possibly other callings, has its vicissitudes. But the newspaper calling affords opportunities to confer benefits upon the public. Whether the PROSPECTOR has grasped any available opportunity that conducted to the public weal or not we leave to those of our numerous patrons who have been steadfast friends, without whose moral and financial assistance the paper could not have prospered and succeeded as we are pleased to state that it has. Their patronage has been continuous and generous, to express gratification for which our vocabulary now fails. Suffice it to say that Tombstone, Cochise county, and Southern Arizona is possessed of loyal citizens to any just cause, and to those broad and liberal minded persons may be attributed our unprecedented progress in mining, agriculture, stockraising, mercantile and other pursuits in proclaiming Cochise the banner county of all Arizona and second to no other section of the Pacific coast.

"Cochise County First—the World Afterward" has been the slogan of the PROSPECTOR. This was our maiden declaration, and without the least reserve of modesty we feel that we can truthfully assert that we have hewed to the line without letting any chips fall. We have aimed to advocate only that which promised, in our mind's eye, to become beneficial to Cochise county in particular and Arizona in general, and we flatter ourselves that the general public and the press of the state will pardon a little self-laudation when we assert that we have never swerved from the self-imposed task, to carry into execution and accomplish which has been the pleasure of twenty long years. For thirty years we have been permitted to live, enjoy, and wax hearty, while imbibing the incomparable ozone of Tombstone, to desert or renounce which is not in our nature, and while we retire from active duty today, we are not intending to "quit" the old camp, our younger associations being such as to preclude any such thought. We have an abiding faith in the ultimate resumption of the Tombstone mines and the rehabilitation of the historic old camp, the continuation of the county seat at the only Tombstone, and with confidence in the assertion and hope of promise, we bid a fond farewell.

The Editor's Adios--Reluctant Farewell From Associations Held in Highest Regard--Our Successors

The most trying point in the existence of an editor's short stay on this mundane sphere, so we have been told—and now we realize it to be a fact—is when he finally makes up his mind to say "good-bye" and vacate the tripod to younger and possibly more able successors.

We have given freely every moment of time for the past twenty years to the publication of this paper; we have not achieved either distinction or financial competency, but we are fully repaid for our endeavors. "We done the best we could," and we rest in comfort over the fact that the Prospector has been treated with generous courtesy by the press of the state, and liberally patronized by the citizens of Tombstone, Cochise county and Southern Arizona in general. In retiring, we flatter ourselves that we have made but few, if any, enemies, and if any there be, it was the fault of the head and not the heart.

We are inalienably bound to Arizona and the future of the state; our interests are in Tombstone and elsewhere in the state, and should we go without these borders, the trip will be only one of recreation.

We are grateful for the considerations extended and shall ever hold in reverence friends in Tombstone, Cochise county, and the great big promising state of Arizona.

In conclusion, we bespeak for our successors—the Giragi Brothers—the consideration and helpful hand for which we offer our thanks. They are young men, Arizonans to the manner born, thoroughly imbued with Arizona progress, capable and conscientious, and will do their utmost to give you a good newspaper.

25th BIRTHDAY OF THE "PROSPECTOR"

The Silver Anniversary of Tombstone's
Daily Champion--"Prospector" and
"Epitaph" in Tombstone History

ACHIEVEMENTS OF PIONEER JOURNALS

(Continued from Bottom Col 2.)

daring. Following came the gambler and desperado. Of the latter many could boast that he carried at least a half score notches on his gun.

Such well known characters as "Bat" Masterson, Luke Short, Charley Storms, Dave Neagle, Jim Leavy, Doc Holliday, the Earp boys and scores of notable westerners who helped make Arizona history foregathered here. Everyone was filled with a spirit of adventure and hopefulness and willing to take chances on anything that presented itself.

THE EARP-COWBOY FEUD

Many interesting and exciting incidents, now almost passed from memory, the files of THE EPITAPH relate. Among others is the following: On October 26, 1881, Virgil Earp, city marshal, with a posse composed of two of his brothers, Wyatt and Morgan, "Doc" Holliday and Jack Johnson, came in sanguinary conflict with Ike and Billy Clanton and the McLowry brothers, Tom and Frank. Bad blood had existed between the parties, and on the date above mentioned a deadly battle took place nearly opposite the Epitaph office. When the smoke of battle cleared away the McLowry brothers and Billy Clanton were dead, Ike Clanton was wounded, the head but managed to seek a place of safety, and Morgan Earp received a slight flesh wound. Warrants were sworn out for the arrest of the marshal and his posse and in the hands of Sheriff Behan. The Earp force barricaded themselves in an upper room of the Grand Hotel and successfully defied arrest. Then began a series of reprisals by the "bad men's friends," Virgil Earp, while leaving the Oriental saloon one night had his arm shattered by a load of backshot fired by some one concealed in the ruins of the Tasker & Priddy store, where the Warkentins building now stands. Shortly afterwards Morgan Earp, while playing billiards in Campbell & Hatch's saloon, was shot in the back through a window, the wound proving mortal. The latter's supposed slayer, named Frank Stillwell, was followed to Tucson by the Earp adherents and shot to death in front of the Depot Hotel at that place.

MINERAL WEALTH AND FEAR

Following these tragedies, the winged dove of peace settled for a time over the community. Tombstone was the marvel of the financial world, and with the vast sums seeking investment from outside sources the camp easily maintained its reputation as the greatest in the west. The click of faro chips and the jangling of coin at the other gambling games could be heard during each hour of the day or night. But, with the exception of a max for breakfast occasionally, peace, continued until prosperity, reigned supreme.

PURDY-HAMILTON FIASCO

Glancing again through the files of THE EPITAPH the next event of importance that attracts attention was the events attending the political conventions of 1882 and the subsequent election, the first held in Cochise county. THE EPITAPH took a prominent part, supporting the democratic ticket, Sam Purdy began a very aggressive campaign. Pat Hamilton and John Dunbar, editing the Daily Independence and Daily Republican, respectively, were equally as aggressive as Purdy. The most bitter personalities were indulged in. Everything concerning the past lives of the men, if to their detriment, was dug up and printed under glaring headlines and the editorial columns fairly sizzled. This newspaper bombardment became so terrific that the fiery Hamilton was goaded into challenging Dunbar to fight a duel. The latter firmly and forcefully declined to be made a target of and Hamilton then sent Purdy an invitation to meet him in mortal combat, which was accepted. Arriving on the field of honor, a disagreement arose as to the style of weapon to be used, and as the seconds Ned McGowan for Purdy, and Billy Milligan for Hamilton, could not come to terms, the duel was declared off and bloodshed thereby averted.

SIGNAL SERVICE OF
THE EPITAPH
Many happenings of more or

inary interest to Arizonans in general, and Cochise county residents in particular, are to be found in almost every copy of the files of the early '80s, but lack of space, in a newspaper article, will not permit their reproduction.

An incident in which THE EPITAPH prominently figured is, however, worthy of mention: When the Hilsbee murders occurred in the winter of 1883, THE EPITAPH immediately despatched two trained reporters to the scene. These men were Ridgely Tilden and H. J. Brawley. So well did they cover the case and so accurate was the description of the men who committed the deed, that Billy Delaney, and Dan Dowd were apprehended solely through the account published in the Epitaph. Shortly before their execution, with their pals, Sample, Howard and Kelly, the two former stated that it was due to the enterprise of the Epitaph that they were captured.

EARLY TRAIL BLAZERS

Printers from every direction of the compass swarmed into Tombstone during the early days and they were of the most gifted of the "art preservative of all arts," capable in any and every department of a publishing house, deep thinkers and good writers, wholly dependable and would fight for the principles enunciated by their respective papers. Among those old-timers of the days to which we refer, none are more deserving of worthy mention than William T. Luddy, who is the dean of all printed editors in Arizona. Up to the time

of which we write Luddy "laid the forms" of all papers in the territory and wrote many of the salutations. Putting the sheet on a firm foundation he would show his way through narrows and led his readers in behalf of another paper whose mission it was to wrest from savagery this great domain and bring about conditions which have culminated in the creation of one of the greatest states of the Union—Arizona as she is today. E. S. Penwell is another one of the very first printers to arrive in Tombstone, coming from Prescott, where he had made a record for efficiency and integrity, having been associated with Charles Marston in the publication of the Courier as printer and editor and also served Yavapai as deputy county recorder. Penwell is now passing his declining years at the Printers' Home in Colorado Springs.

Geo. W. McFarlin, another Arizona pioneer printer-editor served with distinction in Tombstone during the palm days and frequently lived the scenes of his early achievements. McFarlin is a forceful writer, full of pioneer lore and one of the best known journalists in the state. They were all good and capable men and THE PROSPECTOR wishes for them a long life and prosperous one until "90" is called.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS IN ARIZONA

As referred elsewhere in today's issue it will be seen that we are celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of THE PROSPECTOR, all but five years of which under the continuous management of the present editor. Much of the paper is devoted to reminiscences than otherwise truthful history of the past—facts which will be borne out by many old-timers in Arizona. The review is edifying only from the standpoint that conditions have changed for the better. Not, possibly, that we are guided by more exacting statutory laws, but in the fact that the laws as made and provided are interpreted in a different way and executed accordingly. New blood has become infused into the veins of those entrusted to direct the affairs of the public, and those who have latterly come among us are not of the kind who will tolerate lawlessness or a disregard of the interest, honor or well-being of any individual. This very important change in the general condition of affairs we will take the liberty of remarking—with some timidity, modesty and reserve—is almost wholly attributable to the energy, perseverance and daring of the public press of Arizona.